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MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

## JUDITH BENSADDI.

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Now the few remaining days that we spent at the hotel, flew away in all the delights of innocent affection, restrained without being diminished, by my dear companion's maidenly reserve, combined with the most winning evidence of her confiding love. But ah! too soon were these happy days brought to an end! Only four suns were suffered to shine upon our plighted love, a servant entered our parlor to announce that Mr. Von Caleb, my Judith's cousin, and another gentleman with him, had arrived. We told him to show them up as soon as they were ready. I retired to my chamber, that I might not disturb the first feelings, of the interview. When they came in, I soon heard the sound of mingled weeping and rejoicing. I was made to hear also that the companion of Mr. Von Caleb was a Jewish acquaintance picked up at New York, and who, as he had just arrived from London, brought intelligence that Judith's father and other relations were all well.

After the salutations and first inquiries were over, I opened my door and joined the company. Judith introduced me first to her cousin, Von Caleb, and then to her friend Mr. Levi. I noticed that she did not emphasise the word 'friend.'—Mr. Von Caleb shook my hand affectionately, and at once thanked me fervently for my kindness to Judith. He was a middle aged man, with a stout well built person and open pleasant countenance. But friend Levi was a small, old, shrivelled, sharp-visaged man, with little gray eyes deeply sunk under projecting shaggy eyebrows, his head was bald on the crown, but this defect was amply made up by a gray frizzled beard, which filled up all the chin and jawbones about the neck, as if it were a cravat. He griped my hand tightly, and with a squeaking voice, broken frequently into huskiness, uttered some friendly words; but I did not like either the looks or the manners of friend Levi. No where and at no time would I have liked them; here just at this time, I was most disagreeably affected to behold, in living reality before me, such a representative of the Jews, according to my former habitual notion of them. The disagreeable impression was, however, effaced for the time by a glance at my lovely Judith, and the open benevolent face of her cousin. These were enough to sweeten any one's imagination of the Jews.

After a few minutes conversation, I got myself down to the bar room, that I might give the friends opportunity for a more private conference. In a short time Mr Levi came down also, and, seeing me alone in one corner of the room, he took a seat beside me. After some questions on his part, about poor Eli's fate, I began, from a natural curiosity, to make some inquiries about Judith's father and family. I found the little old man so communicative, that he soon told me more than I had asked to know; soon, too, he discovered to me that his darling theme was money: for start him on any track whatsoever, and he would speedily arrive at this goal of all his thoughts and affections. To this propensity I was indebted for a piece of information, which had now become more interesting to me than the little miser was aware of. The following specimen of his part of the conversation will convey the same information to the reader, and at the same time show the turn of the speaker's thoughts and expressions. I should remark, also, that he spoke English with a German accent, betraying the land of his birth,

'Is Judy's father very old, you ask—why, no, not so very; his hair is gray, like mine; that's all—he walks on. 'Change like a young man; and when he goes to his bank and counts the monies he can see as sharp as any body—sure he can.—Is Nathan Bensaddi a banker, do you ask? Why yes, sure he is; every body in London knows that. He owns one of the greatest banks in London, I know—sure I do—for I have been his agent to collect money. Ah, he has the monies, sure; yes, money, money. Oh, so much money! That is not all— sure it is not. He lives in a big, fine house, on the street called Piccadilly. I have been in it. I have eat dinner there on feast days. Yes, the feast of Purim; and then I saw with my own blessed eyes what fine things he had in his house. Why, sure, his table was covered all over with plate. Yes, gold plate and silver plate—silver this and silver that—gold here and gold there—this, that and the other, all gold and silver. Ah, sure, you would think it was Solomon's house. Rich, you say? Yes sure, that he is; and I have not told you all. Isaac Von Caleb told me last night that Nathan Bensaddi has mortgages on a great sugar estate in the West Indies, on an island they call Saint Kish, Kits, or something like that,—Yes, and he told me that Nathan would soon have the land and the slaves and the sugar and the coffee and the spices, and all—sure. Yes and that Eli was gone to see about it when he got drowned. Yes, and he told me, too, that Judy had a great fortune of her own besides. I knew that before—sure I did. Yes, I know how she got it too—sure I do. Old Simon Mordecai, her uncle by the mother's side, was so pleased with her nursing him in his long sickness, when he had no wife nor child to do any thing for him—he was so cross and snappish, nobody could please him; but Judy pleased him—sure she did; and when his will was opened, there was Judy left heiress of all Simon's three per cent stocks. Yes, sure, a hundred thousand pounds. Ah! who would not nurse a sick man, if he *was* crabbed, for such good pay? Did it out of kindness you say? Why, yes—sure she did. She is the kindest thing in the world. I have heard her friends say so. She is *too* kind. She gives away *too* much money Ah, Judy is a good girl—so rich. And sure, yes, she'll have the half of Nathan's fortune too, when he dies, now that Eli is drowned; and she has only one sister, Rachel, older than Judy; and she is married to a Christian—hang him—I don't mean you—but I hope Judy won't marry a Gentile.'

By this time my squeaking friend had fallen into a half soliloquizing mood, as if an idea had struck him, and drawn off his attention from me. A servant now entered and brought me a request to walk up to the parlor. I arose immediately to go, and while adjusting my crutch, I observed that friend Levi's chin had dropped meditatively upon his breast, while his tongue played incessantly, though his voice had sunk to a husky murmur. I heard only these words more: 'Judy will be rich, rich—ah, so rich! Now, sure, if my boy Joseph———.' I was by this time out of hearing, and hobbling towards the parlor with bran new ideas blazing before my imagination. I had conjectured that Judith's family could not be poor; but neither Eli nor Judith had ever given me a hint from which I could infer great riches. In fact Judith had seemed to me rather too reserved on this point, especially since our matrimonial engagement: for both before and since, I had let her understand that my parents were not rich, and that my inheritance would be small. I had hitherto in my dream of happiness with Judith indulged no splendid fancies; my modest aspirations were limited to a snug cottage by a fountain side, in some green vale where forest trees bordering a meadow, would yield 'in summer, shade—in winter, fire.'

But now, as if touched by a magician's wand, the picture changed, and presented me instead of this humble scene, an elegant mansion seated upon a hill, commanding a view of the Great Valley and its mountain boundaries; with a fine library, not without paintings and other specimens of the fine arts; and windows looking out on all sides—here upon a park—there upon meadows is the vales around—and yonder upon fields on hill sides—and here and there on white cottages, sending up wreaths of smoke from the fire sides of happy tenants, a tribute grateful to the hearts of the proprietor and his lady. This new picture was completed just as I entered the parlor, and saw Judith conversing with her cousin. She, after all, was herself the sweetest vision of my heart; and the lovely reality dissipated the illusion; of a dreaming fancy.

On seeing me, she rose blushing and retired to her chamber. Mr Von Caleb rose from his seat, and again taking me by the hand, expressed his approbation of our matrimonial scheme, of which Judith had just informed him. After we were seated, he continued in these words, lowering his voice that Judith might not hear.

'God must have designed this union of two such good hearts, or he would not have brought you so closely together, by such an extraordinary dispensation of his providence. Now, after he has bound your affections together by so many ties, I would think it an impious resistance to his will to throw any hindrance in the way to your marriage. I could wish that you were both of the same religion; but still if you are willing to take a daughter of Abraham for your wife, I do not see why you may not both agree in worshipping the God of Abraham; and if you serve him as father Abraham did, he will bless you, though you may not have the same belief on some points. One thing I feel sure of, that Judith will never willingly disturb you on matters of conscience. I have known her from a child.

Father Abraham never had a lovelier daughter; her temper is the sweetest and kindest in the world; her discretion is extraordinary for so young a person; it was so remarked a year ago, when I left London; and she has an uncommon turn for improving by experience. I heard a poet of her acquaintance say, 'She is like the busy bee, gathering the honey of wisdom from every blossom of experience in the pathway of her life.' And now I must do what she has just enjoined upon me; tell you all her faults, without favor or partiality, as if upon oath. First and foremost then; they say she has too much feeling, or sensibility, as they call it. This not only makes her suffer too much for the sufferings of others, but it lays her open to the impositions of beggars and rogues of all sorts.

This is only an excess of goodness, and I think that experience and hard rubs in this scuffling world, will teach her more prudence in this particular; and in this only has she seemed to lack discretion. So much for her first fault; now for the second, Let me see. What is it! Yes, they call her an enthusiast; because, I suppose, she takes fits of high feeling sometimes, and talks a little wildly, like a prophetess. I have heard her two or three times in these fits, I thought she talked very beautifully, if she did go out of the common way. She will get over this too, I think, as she grows older, and as she finds by mixing more with mankind, how much low selfishness and rascality there is among them. I have told you two; next comes the third; but I believe I have forgotten it. I thought she had three notable ones. Little human weaknesses she has like other people; but I had a third with a name to it, that she told me not to forget. Oh yes, she is *romantic*; that is what they call it. She is indeed too romantic in some of her notions. She don't like fashionable society and city amusements. She is too fond of climbing the lonesome mountains, and of standing on a rock by the seaside, and looking at the waves when the wind dashes them against the shore; and when other people go in summer time to the wells at Bath or Cheltenham, to drink the waters and dance in the splendid saloons, she loves to steal out into the country with a companion or two, where she can wander among green vallies and gather flowers along the sides of brooks; or sit on a sod with her book and read under a shady tree, where a spring bubbles out of the ground; and I verily believe that she would rather go out and eat a cottage dinner with plain country folks, than attend the richest city feast with its gay company of lords and ladies, its gold and silver wares, and all its wines and comfits, its ice-creams and syllabubs. Yet I have seen her dine at home with a great company, when her father made a feast; then she could enjoy it, and behave her self with the finest lady of them all. So I think she will some day get over her romantic notions too, and make you a good sober housewife.

'And now that I have done her bidding, and told you all that I know of her faults, I will tell you another thing, that she has not authorized me to tell. It is right that you should know it; and I understand that she has not told you; for she has just expressed to me, how much she was gratified that you offered to marry her without knowing or seeming to care whether she was rich or poor. Well, if you set no value on riches, and are satisfied to have Judith alone: still I hope that you will not throw her large fortune into the sea. You will find it right convenient to have her three thousand pounds a year, when the business of house-keeping comes on. Then her rich father, if no misfortune happens, will be able to give her a great deal more. But, my friend if you find after a trial that a great fortune is good for nothing, and more plague than profit; why then you may just give it to me and be done with it. So much for that. One thing more, and then I shall be through. I am sorry to tell you that I am so straitened for time, that I cannot give you another day with Judith, unless you go with us to Boston. I was ready to embark, and just waiting for poor Eli, when I got Judith's letter. I have important business in London, that, cannot be put off; and there are papers in Eli's trunk that must go directly to England; they relate to a great plantation in St. Kitts, that is in suit between the owner and my cousin Bensaddi, who has a mortgage on it.—What say you my friend: will you part with Judith to night, or will you go with us to Boston?'

Gladly would I have gone to Boston or any other place with Judith, but an obstacle lay before me which would have been removed in a moment, if Judith or cousin Von Caleb had known or even suspected its existence. But strange as it may seem, just now when my charmer's newly discoverd wealth came fresh and glittering into view, I felt a most swelling repugnance to a disclosure of my beggarly account of an empty purse; although I knew that she would esteem it a great favor in me to accept any thing from her hands.

After a moment's consideration, I told Mr. Von Caleb that I too was under a necessity, (and was I not?) to return home speedily; and as I hoped ere long to follow Judith across the ocean, I felt the less difficulty at parting with her now; because a quick return home to make my preparations, would enable me the sooner to set off on my voyage.

'Well, then, (said he, raising his voice,) our boat will go to-morrow morning at six. As this will be your last evening together for some time, I will leave you to yourselves. You will not be sorry for that I suppose? I shall be out awhile on some business with Mr Levi. He will not interrupt you, for we are after *money* He smiled as he spoke the last works.

'Then, (said I,) as you go at six in the morning, I may as well take the Lancaster stage that goes at three o'clock.'

'So then we have settled it, (said Mr. Von Caleb.) Good bye till supper time.

He went out with his usual heavy tread; and when he had shut the door behind him, heard Judith's door open gently on her side of the parlor. I had risen and was standing about the middle of the floor, without my crutch, which I no longer needed. I turned, and met her eyes with mine. What a look she gave me of commingled love and sorrow! I approached the chair on which she leaned. She looked up again into my face. I saw the rising moisture of her eyes, as she said, 'This night we must part.' The last word was stifled under a wave of emotion.—I opened my arms—she fell upon my bosom, and for the first time we felt each other's embrace.—Oh, Elysian moment! It was the seal of our bethrothal, and the pure delight of love. Several minutes elapsed before we could utter a word. We had seated ourselves on chairs, and we continued to sit with drooping heads until we recovered the power of conversation.

After some exchanges of sentiment on the prospect of separation, I took occasion to allude to what I had just heard of the wealth of herself and family. 'Then he told you that too? Well I am glad you did not know it sooner.'

'Since I have heard it at least, dear Judith, I will tell you that it gives me the satisfaction to know that you can afford to take a poor husband.'

'Poor in self, he may be; (said she promptly,) but I know the wealth of his mind: that is the highest of all endowments; and in comparison with that gold and silver are but dross. If such earthly dower as I can bring, be of any consequence, I rejoice in it for this that you can better afford to take me for a wife Such wealth as I have is nothing to be proud of; for millions of it would argue no personal worth but only good fortune. I have hitherto found my worldly goods rather an obstacle to my happiness; for while they brought me numerous suitors, they brought with these applicants for my favor the painful suspicion, that my fortune, not myself, was the object of pursuit. Therefore I could love none of them, because, however sincere their professions may be, they could not give the proof of real affection that my heart required.—Often did I wish that I could appear divested of accidental circumstances, and just as I was in myself, an honest, simple maiden; and then might find some congenial soul whom I could freely love, and who would love me heartily for myself alone. I wished on another account to form an attachment in this way. My friends call me romantic, and I confess a fault which they would not impute to me without evidence. I am conscious indeed of a warm and I suppose a romantic attachment to the countary—London bread as I am. Particularly do I love mountain scenery, and would most delight to spend my days among the grand, sublime and beautiful works of nature, and a virtuous rural population, such as are founded in your country. With my strong predilection for such a life, how could I expect to form a happy alliance in London, when all or nearly all are bread to relish artificial objects and manners, and to covert wealth as the means of artificial splendor and the pompous show of fashionable life. I could not entrust my heart to any, where the prospect of finding a congenial spirit was so hopeless. In the days of my sorest affliction, God was pleased to show me a heart, in all respects agreeable to my desires, and to give me the love of that heart under circumstances that banished all possibility of suspecting its sincerity. He has bound us together by the strongest ties of sympathy in all that makes prosperity joyful and calamity grievous. But I forget that there is one root of bitterness planted in the garden of our affections.'

'Forget it, dear Judith, forever; it shall never spring up to trouble us.'

After a little further conversation the servants brought in our tea, and we sent an invitation to Judith's friends to join us. Mr. Von Caleb came. After tea I went out for half an hour to enter my name at the stage office, and to give Judith and her friend the opportunity of completing their arrangements. On my return from the stage office near the hotel, I found Mr. Von Caleb in the bar room. He shook my hand affectionately, and told me that he would let me and Judith spend the evening alone: so with another friendly shake of the hand, he bade me farewell.

When I entered the parlor, I found Judith sitting pensively on a sofa. We were both sad almost to death. We first arranged that I should write to her at fartherest by Mr. Levi, who was to embark at New York on the first of June. I might write to her as soon as I reached home, and then the oftener the better, she said, were it only to let her know of my welfare. I promised not to be hasty in my final determination about our engagement: for so she again required, although a sigh escaped her when she made the requirement. If I ratified the engagement, she would be happy to see me in London as soon as I pleased, but I must understand that she could not put off her mourning weeds for a bridal dress until she had given a full year's sorrow to her dear lost Eli; so that if an early visit to London should not suit my convenience, she would not impute the delay to alienation of heart. If annulled the engagement, I must still consider her as my grateful, devoted friend, who would rejoice at any opportunity of showing her gratitude for my disinterested kindness and care. Her voice faltered when she spoke of the contingency that I might decline the marriage; yet her conscientious judgment on this point wavered not, painful as the expression of it evidently was. She made the self-denying sacrifice of her own feelings to give me every advantage for the security of my happiness. Many expressions of tenderness did she utter, and of ardent gratitude and unalterable friendship, whatever I might do with our connubial engagement. I wondered—in fact I was not well pleased—at her repeated allusions to the possibility of my discarding her—an act as remote from my thoughts at that time as Heaven is from Tartarus. But she had evidently reflected much upon the causes that might operate a change in my views. As to her own part in our correspondence, she promised to write as soon as she landed in England, and would then wait for a letter from me, before she wrote again.

Having in these and other particulars come to a full understanding with each other, we had leisure to feel how distressingly near was the dreaded moment of separation. Two or three more and we *must* part. What were our feelings? Oh hours of sorrow and delight. How did we snatch every fleeting moment, to fill higher and to mingle deeper the cup of our youthful love! We clung to each other's embrace; our tears mingled as they fell; our hearts answered throb for throb. How could we part? The clock struck eleven. 'Adieu—' but she stammered in the attempt to utter it.

'Not yet, not yet; I cannot leave you.' One more hour passed away—the last hour—it flew with eagles wings, as it shed down upon us all the delicious luxury of innocent sweetest affection saddened—the full relish of the bitter-sweet of love—the fiery rapture of joy, flooded with grief, yet bursting through the flood.

Propriety admitted of no longer delay. We retired to our respective chambers like criminals going to execution, so deadly was the sadness of that parting.

At the breakfast hour, I took the opportunity to open the sealed packet that I received at the bar. Under the envelope I found two sealed billets; the one was superscribed in Judith's handwriting, and contained something hard. I opened the other first to have it out of the way. I read as follows:

"Mr. Graeme,—Pardon me for using a little art to do you an act of justice, which you might have declined otherwise to accept; but which, as agent for my cousin Nathan Bensaddi, I could not in good conscience neglect, nor could he be satisfied to learn that it was omitted. Your kindness to his daughter has put you to considerable expence and trouble. The enclosed note of one hundred dollars may reimburse the expence; but for the trouble, which you would count nothing, and for the generous kind-heartedness, which we count above all price, I know not what compensation we can make you, except you conclude to take my sweet young cousin herself. However that may be, I pray the God of Israel to reward your goodness with every blessing.

Farewell, kind friend,
Isaac Von Caleb."

This was all quite agreeable. Agreeable in matter because delicately agreeable in manner, I thought I saw my Judith's delicate tact in the management of this little affair. The other note was surprisingly interesting.

"Two o'clock. How can I sleep, when the sound of the wheels that are to carry you away will soon be heard in the street? My cousin, Von Caleb, sends me word that he is awake, and will take care that you receive whatever communication I may have to make. This only would I repeat to my dear friend. In your happy valley think of your Judith; but be prudent and destroy not your happiness and consequently her's, by obeying your desires at the expense of your judgement and conscience.—If after reflection you cannot marry a Jewess—yet I know that you love one—always love her. Yes, my heart, tells me that you will. Write to all events before June—as a friend, if nothing more. The enclosed memorial was brought from England by cousin Von Caleb, and put into his trunk when he left Boston. He had forgotten it till after he went to bed. He has sent it to me, asking what I would do with it. I give it to your sake; and value it the more, if he should never again see——Oh, that painful thought! let it die in silence. Farewell once more, dear friend, farewell, farewell."

J. B.

The last words of this note were blotted with tears. With trembling hands and a beating heart, I unwrapped the memoral, wandering what it could be that under its wrappings felt roundish and hard like a coin, but considerably larger.—Think of my exultation when I discovered it to be an elegantly wrought golden locket-case, which opened with a spring, and exhibited to my eyes a perfect miniature likeness of my own Judith! Oh, that sweet face! That well formed bust! Whilst I leaned over and devoured this picture with my eyes I was called to breakfast. 'Breakfast, indeed (said my heart;) who could leave such a feast of the soul to put coarse viands into his stomach? Let the body wait for its earthly nutriment, until the spirit is satisfied with this celestial nectar and ambrosia.' So I gazed upon the lovely portrait—kissed it—then gazed—then kissed it again, alternately, until the stage-driver's signal roused me. I put the dear jewel into my pocket, and resumed my place in the coach.

On the fourth day, when I entered Virginia, the souring tendency of my thoughts increased. More frequently would that detestable world return and trouble the sweet current of my feelings. 'Jewess, Jewess,' would I say to myself, and that too in spite of myself. 'Am I really in love with the daughter of a Jew? Am I to connect myself with that accursed race?' Every successive day would such villainous thoughts rush in more obtrusively. When I looked at the mountains on either side of the way, and at ever changing views along the road, and recognized the likeness of my dear homestead in many a wood-crowned hill and rocky vale, I would think of my youthful delights, and the long familiar faces of those whom I loved; then gliding from the past to the future, my heart would take the amiable Judith to the home and society of my former days, and imagine what new pleasures she would bring with her, and with what new charms she would invest my future dwelling place in this lovely land; then uncalled for, would the same and other loathsome ideas come in like imps of Satan, and thrust their ugly visages into the very foreground of the picture. 'Jewess, Jewess,' would I repeat, as if by some investigation of the arch fiend. Yes, a Jewess is to be my wife.—My children are to be half-blooded Jews. My neighbors are to point at her as we pass by and say, 'That is the Jewess.' When we go to church—*we*, do I say? Perhaps she will not go to church, but be wishing for her Rabbi and her synagogue; but suppose that in compliance with my desire, she do go to church; than every eye is upon her—whispers go round, the Jewess has come to church! Do you know whether she is likely to be converted? and so on. Then the minister preaches at her, and deals out anethemas against the unbelieving Jews—and I am to be reproached, and to reproach myself, for the inconsistency of professing christianity and yet marrying an unbelieving Jewess, and making her the mistress and the mother of my family. Oh how can I do it?

I groaned with horror at these reflections; unable to banish them as baseless fancies, and vexed with myself for admitting them. But every day they crowded harder into my mind, assuming at each return more grim and appalling aspects. In vain did I muster facts and affections against them. Judith's personal charms; Judith's amiable temper, extraordinary intelligence, admirable genius, exquisite accomplishments, fascinating manners—our congenial tastes, our mutual love, her generous pledge to me, my assurance to her, all that had filled and captivated my soul for weeks—all were brought forward on the side of love, and admitted on the other side to be true—yet could not all these considerations banish the hateful accompaniments of that cursed word, 'Jewess!' Still would it come and fetch its goblin retinue of conscientious scruples and ingrained prejudices.

Sometimes indeed my love was victorious, and beat this haggard crew out of the field. Judith would rise in all her charms before my imagination—memory would tell the affecting story of

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Now the months seemed ages until I should receive her answer. I began to make preparations for my expected voyage; and became weekly more impatient for the summons of my betrothed. I watched the growing and the waning moons, and 'chid the lazy lagging foot of time.' The delightful summer of our mountains seemed interminably long; for it shed its flowers and matured its foliage, but brought me no answer. I had set four months as the utmost limit to which, even fear could postpone the return of an answer. Three months I thought sufficient; I was by this time prepared for the voyage, and went to the post-office every mail day, expecting to find the desired summons to depart. Every mail day I went disheartened away: but still indulging the hope that the next mail would not disappoint me. Thus the fourth month passed over my spirit—but to the end of it no letter came. The star of my hopes had faded into utter darkness; my letters were never to be answered; what could be the matter?

I have since my college days been passionately fond of botany; and have never failed, when the mild sunshine and early flowers invite the lovers of nature abroad, to make frequent excursions about the warm dells and romantic cliffs of my homestead. One day, late in March, when the sun shone sweetly, and my heart was troubled with gloomy thoughts, I took a farewell stroll about the rocky steps of the vicinage, expecting in two or three days to leave them in search of my lost bride. I was clambering along the side of a deep cliff, washed at base by the river, now swollen and muddy from late rains. Happening to espy on the brow of a cliff above me, a flower of rare species, and of attractive form and colors, I started eagerly to reach it by climbing the precipice. But in my haste, I slipped and fell back almost into the river. I saved myself only by catching hold of a sappling, as I slid and rolled. My bodily hurt was small, but my sick heart had received a fatal wound. My precious locket-case, which I still wore in my bosom, fell out, was caught by a stub as I descended, and the ribbon being broken, the case rolled down and plunged into the angry flood, out of sight and out of reach. Vainly did I go to the water's edge, and gaze witsfully at the turbid current, as if I expected it to restore my talisman—my Judith. At last I went home, gathering new grief and melancholy from this ill-omened accident. The reader knows me well enough by this time, to anticipate the consequence. Despair began to flap her raven wings over me, and dismal phantoms to haunt my imagination.

Hitherto I had refused to entertain a suspicion of Judith's fidelity. When such a thought occured, one look at her portrait was sufficient to dispel it. I was perplexed, discouraged, and sad enough, at the long delay, and ultimate failure of an answer to my letters: but rather than think her false, I would suppose that the letters had been lost on the way, or that death had snatched her beyond the reach of my arms. Now I began to fear that she had repented of her engagement; that her return home to her kindred and friends, had affected her, as the same circumstances had for weeks affected me; with the restoration of habitual feelings first, and then less pleasing views of the brief episode of our love adventure. My suspicions, once allowed to take root, and nurtured by a brooding melancholy, grew apace into a dark and bitter jealousy. In a few days I could even say in the bitterness of my soul, 'Why should I go to see her? Or why write a third time? Shall I allow her to show myself or my third letter to her cockney beaux? of which she told me that she had crowds; that they may laugh at the uncouth simplicity of a mountain bumpkin of Virginia; who by his services at a critical moment, when her grief was deep and her heart unguarded, had made a transient impression on her; but whom, in her cooler moments, she could not think of marrying;—though she felt obliged to him for his kindness, and had, under the impulse of gratitude, given him more encouragement than prudence allowed. Shall I expose myself to such treatment as this? No, verily I will not.'

These suggestions of the melancholy demon were sometimes resisted by my better feelings; but never subdued so that I could resolve again to prosecute my ill-fated love. I still indulged from time to time, my bitter surmises of Judith's falsehood; although my conscience often whispered that they were unjust. What inconsistencies will not a wretched man perpetrate in the bitterness of his soul?

Finally I resolved that as the case seemed to be desperate, I would strive to forget that I had ever loved Judith Bensaddi. I was impelled to some decisive course, by the dread of a settled melancholy and imbecile moping, or of downright madness for life. Once conclusively resolved, I was as prompt and energetic in execution, as I was indecisive and procrastinationg in case of doubtful deliberation.

'Perhaps, (said I to myself,) it is a merciful interposition of Providence, that has thwarted an affection which might have planted a thorn in my breast for life. A christian is forbidden to marry an infidel, and the prohibition is a wise one. Now for study and learning, and the glorious achievements of professional exertion.'

My studies had been much interrupted by consumption first, then by love and melancholy.—During a year I had made little progress; now I betook myself with renewed zeal to my books. But many a time and oft, while leaning over my learned author on the table, did I start out of a reverie, and find that my soul had unconsciously strayed into the regions of love, and drank sweeter waters at the fountain of Venus, than Helicon had ever yielded to poet or philosopher. But by persevering efforts, I conquered this propensity to revive scenes and emotions, which however delightful once, were fleetings as a dream, and like a dream, should be forgotten.

### CHAPTER X.

By the end of the ensuing summer, my mind had recovered its usual tone and steady habits, and I had just finished the preparatory studies of my profession, when an incident occured which again raised my feelings to a tempest, and formed the closing scene to my story.

Going by the post-office one afternoon, I was called to receive a letter which had arrived by the last mail: I turned in, expecting nothing unusual; when, lo! it was a ship-letter, with the London post-mark. I instantly recognized upon it the hand-writing of Judith Bensaddi! Good heaven! what a volcanic stirring and heaving, what a rekindling and burning, of irrepressible fires, did I feel immediately within me. The flame of love had been smothered by despair, but the fuel was unconsumed, and the fire smouldering in secret; the first breath of hope was sufficient to re-awaken its dormant energies.

I hurried out of the town on my way home, intending, as soon as I reached a private place, to tear open the mystery at once. But when I found a suitable place, I could not summon the resolution to break the seal.

Often I took out the letter from my pocket, looked at it, one while examining the superscription, another while the seal; and then returning it to my pocket, with a groan, I wandered again, like the evil spirit, 'seeking rest, but finding none.' It may seem strange that I should voluntarily undergo this lengthened agony of suspense, when I could end it in a moment. But I durst not end it. What man could dare, if he might, unseal the book of his final destiny? He would rather live in the uncertainty of a trembling hope, than hazard the withering blast of a remediless despair.

Towards evening I found myself by the river side in a solitary nook, to which I was wont to resort when in a musing mood. It was a snug corner, with the river in front, and high cliffs topped with cedars, curving round the other sides. Three or four trees spread their umbrageous tops over head, and beneath a small fountain drew its silvery thread of cool water from the inner angle to the river, between turfy banks and mossy stones. Here I had often meditated on my love, and here I resolved at all events to know its issue. I threw myself down upon a sweet grassy bank, near the river that run murmuring by. Here a tuft of the golden rod waved its yellow plumes in the breeze; at the base of the cliff, near my seat, the wild aster was opening its purple-fringed eyes, seemingly to watch the dog-star in his nightly rounds. Elsewhere the atmosphere was glowing with summer heat; here all was cool, dusky and still. Again I took the letter form my pocket, and again I trembled all over like an aspen leaf. But my resolution was taken: 'Now it *must* be done.' My thumb nail was again applied, and with a convulsive jerk I tore off the seal. With trembling hands I unfolded the closely-written sheet, and with palpitating heart I read as follows:

LONDON, July 13th, 1820.

*My beloved Friend:*

With you it is impossible for me to be ceremonious. I have experienced too much of your kindness, and I may add, of your love, to suspect you of unkind neglect, or to think of you with any other feelings than gratitude and friendship. I wrote to you a few hasty lines from Liverpool by a packet that was about to sail immediately after our landing. I will now give you the outlines of my sad history since I left Philadelphia

The night when we parted! I yet weep at the remembrance of it; had I then anticipated our long, long, separation, my grief would have turned to mistrac ion. Our journey to Boston was speedy, and would have been pleasant, if anything could have given pleasure shortly after that parting hour. Two days afterwards I took ship with my cousin. The ship and the sea revived all my griefs; for they brought affectingly to my mind the horrible day when I first felt the dearness of brotherly and found all a brother's kindness in you. The voyage, as I wrote before, was prosperous; and on the 35th day after our separation, I was in the arms of my dear father. Cousin Von Cuten had written him notice of our calamity from Boston, on the day when he received my letter; so that before our arrival, affectionate parent had learned his irreparable loss; now he seemed equally divided between joy for his recovered daughter, and grief for his lost son.

I related to him as well as my feelings would allow, the circumstances of the disaster, and the history of my acquaintance with you, from the first day to the last; omitting at first the affair of our love. I told him how you had saved my life at the hazard of your own, and how you had thenceforth nursed me in my desperate grief, cherished me as a sister, and taken me far out of your way to restore me to my friends, until your care of me occasioned the severe hurt that confined you in Philadelphia. "Now blessed be that good young stranger, (said my father, with tears in his eyes)—how can we reward him for his goodness to my poor destitute child? I owe him for your life; yes, twice—for without him you would first have perished in the water, and then in you grief. We must do something—yes, a great deal, to show our gratitude. I trust that you showed yourself grateful, daughter—did you?" "Yes, father, your daughter endeavored to show that she could love such a kind protector, and such an honorable, worthy gentleman." So I went on, until I had told him all—"He shall have you, Judith; he deserves to have you; he is the very man to make you happy." Then was the joy of my love complete.

I hoped in a fortnight or sooner to receive a friendly letter, telling me of your safe return, if nothing more. The fortnight seemed very long, and when a month passed without bringing me a letter, it seemed to have been a year.

"But I am sure of one by Mr. Levi," said I; and so I endeavored to comfort myself. I could hardly wait until he should come, and when at last I was told that he had arrived, and actually in the house, I ran breathless with joy and demanded my letter. "None, (said he,)—I went to the post office the first of June, and none for you." "None!" said I. "No sure, not one." I remember nothing more, until I found myself in bed and the physician by my side

Still though stricken down, I was not in despair; "Some accident has disappointed me, (said I)—the letter may have miscarried; or he may choose to come, and give me a joyful surprise by bearing his own tidings. I shall hear or see him before long." But another month passed—so long!—yet no tidings. We heard of a New-York packet ship wrecked on the coast of Ireland; the letter-bag lost—and some passengers; but your name was not among them. On this chance of your letter being lost, I fed my declining hope. But long months of fruitless expectation, compelled me at last to conclude that you had found the scheme of our union unpropitious to your hopes of happiness, and that your kind compassion would not suffer you to tell me so. I had promised not to blame you; I did not; but my heart bled, nevertheless—ah, many a weary day and weary night. I fled from the crowded city to hide my grief, as I fondly to believe it, among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland. They reminded me of the delightful scenery which you had described; where you made me hope to live, communing with nature and with the dear friend whose heart seemed purposely formed to sympathise with mine. But I must not pain that dear friend with the recital of my sorrows.

Long was the time before I could give you up with dutiful resignation. I imagined various reasons for your long silence, and sometimes renewed my hope on the ground of some vain supposition. Sometimes again I feared that you were dead; and then I mourned for you as for my brother. But I was relieved of this painful apprehension two months ago. A friend of my father has some lands in the mountains of Virginia. When he went to see them, my father requested him to visit your village and inquire after you. He learned that you were alive and well. Then I knew that you had abandoned our engagement, and that longer hope was vain if not sinful. Often had I dreamed both asleep and awake, of rural felicity with you, my comforter in sorrow and my chosen companion for life. But when I found that all was a dream, and that I must resign my heart to widowhood, I resisted the fondness of a love that could only make me miserable. Hard was it to bring so sweet and so cherished a passion within the bounds of moderation. Often wish'd it invite the fond allusion, that your difficulties might yet be removed, and that your love for me [illegible] without all the wiles of Heaven [illegible] a line, a word, would bring to me even a sigh from my friend. How much could the kindest assurance of her return, or even dawn upon the darkness of my soul! No, (thought I) that dearly remembered night of our parting, made me feel the last throes that I shall ever feel, of a heart that will be dear to me until this poor mortal shall throb no more."

When this second summer came, and my last day of hope was gone, I fled again to the woods and the lakes, and there, after many a prayer and many a struggle, subdued my heart to a merely kind and grateful remembrance of you. So at least I thought; but what mean these frequent returns of my pen to the passionate expressions of tenderness, which flow spontaneously from my heart, and which after repeated trials I find will flow and mingle with the simple narrative that I meant to give? And what mean the tears and sobs which almost disable me from writing? May the gracious Redeemer, who knows what human frailties are, enable me to be faithful! My friend! oh my friend! I must not, I dare not, love you now, as I formerly loved you. When my heart abandoned itself to widowhood, and I sought consolation from the Most High, among shade and rocks and waters, where, as well as in His word, the Divine Spirit dwells, I happened to meet a stranger on a visit to the same retreats, and who, in mood and person, in tastes and principles, resembles you, my dear friend; and who for that reason interested me in my desolate state. His company and conversation, last year, soothed and instructed me; but *then* my heart was beyond the reach of his love. A friendly acquaintance was all that occurred between us until this summer, when I returned in my despair to the woods and lakes, where I unexpectedly met with him again. He sought my company; I was pleased with his; he saw that I was a mourner, and he comforted me; he had learned that I was a Jewess, and he labored faithfully and eloquently for my conversion to christianity. By the blessing of God, he succeeded in removing all my remaining doubts and difficulties respecting the christian faith. I was almost persuaded when I parted with you; but I would not suggest hopes on that subject, until I should be fully persuaded. Now my faith in Jesus of Nazareth is my chief consolation; and the eloquent and pious friend who won me finally to Christ, has also gained so much of my esteem and affection, that I have after much hesitation accepted his offer, and we are betrothed. Now, my dear preserver, hear the last request of one whom you once tenderly loved, and whom no changes can release from her obligations to you. Should you ever find that I or my friends can do you any sort of service, I entreat you, by the remembrance of our voyage together, and by all the love that you may still bear me, to let us know it. Call on me—or at death should have taken me away—on my partner or my sister—for all the assistance that you may need. The half of my fortune I can easily spare, and would rejoice to impart to a friend who so disinterested kindness and essential service to me I can never repay; but I shall thank Heaven, if an opportunity be given me to prove that I am, and will ever be your grateful and devoted friend,

JUDITH BENSADDI.

Before I had finished reading, my eyes grow dim. Self-reproach for my unjust suspicions and my fatal procrastination, wrung my heart. The knell of departed hope boomed on my ears, as if the gentle murmur of the river had swollen to the roar of a cataract. I fell back and lay in a stupor of astonishment at my late blindness of heart, and at the unrolled scroll of my hopeless destiny. I was for some time prostrate, soul and body, at the astounding revelation. When I received strength to rise, the sun was shooting its rays horizontally from mountain top to mountain top. The turtle dove, from her withered tree to the field, was coming forth her evening lamentation. Shades almost as gloomy as my soul were thickening around me. Frantic with grief, I called to the dark-frowning rocks and to the waters that were rolling by, to pity me. I made the echoes respond to the name to my loved and lost Judith. One while my perturbed imagination pictured her looking down on me from the cedars of the cliff, and illuminating my dark retreat with the love-inspiring radiance of her countenance;—then her fairy image seemed to be floating off in the air, and to beckon its sorrowfull adieu, as it faded away, and was lost in the gloom of descending night.

And now, farewell, sweet Judith Bensaddi!—Time may soothe my anguish, and mitigate my passion to the soft feeling of a mourner's love; but death only can dim the image of feminine loveliness, which my soul has caught from thee. Henceforth thou art my heart's model of what is sweet and pure in women. Others I may see fair and affectionate, virtuous and holy; but none can take thy place. I am wedded to remembered beauty. Alas! all but the memory of thy charms is now lost to me; once more and forever, farewell, farewell, sweet JUDITH BENSADDI!

## THE EMPIRE STATE.

We alluded yesterday to the important fact that the Democracy of the Empire State have made a nett gain, since last fall, of fifty four towns. The Albany Argus says that this change, if the town elections may be taken as any evidence of public sentiment, must be decisive of the next November election. The aggregate Federal majority in N. York, last year, was 3,610 votes in a poll of 362,000. The Democratic gain this spring, is sufficient, says the Argus, not only to neutralize this Federal majority of last year, but to turn the scale in favor of Van Buren by a most decisive majority! This is certainly a most cheering calculation—but we think it is unjust to the President, thus to measure his majority by the result of any local elections. When the distinct question, "Van Buren or Harrison?" is presented to the people of New York, their response in favor of the former, cannot fail to be far more general and enthusiastic, than it is in favor of subordinate officers who are opposed by citizens of the same State, and whose election is inevitably influenced, more or less, by considerations with which political principle has very little to do. To suppose that the President's majority in New York, next Fall, will not be a triumphant one, is to suppose that the Empire State has not only forgotten her old attachment to the Democratic faith, but is, also, destitute of every trace of that natural pride, which impels a State to honor one of its own children, rather than bestow its rewards upon a stranger from another quarter.—Neither of these suppositions do we believe. N. York, we trust, yet retains her Republican preferences, and will rejoice to [illegible] November, by giving her Electoral vote to her "favorite son."—Eastern Argus.

*Business.* The amount of freight carried on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, last week, exceeded that of any week previously. It was something more than a thousand tons, the receipts for which must have been about three thousand dollars.—*[Boston Post.*

**A WHIG VICTORY.** Our opponents are rejoicing over the conversion of *John McElvaine*, late a prominent member of the Administration party in Ohio. From worthy and patriotic motives it is said he has "renounced his support of Van Buren, and declared himself in favor of the election of his old commander and fellow soldier Gen. Harrison, whom he prefers and supports, 'because,' says he, 'I *know him*, and know him to be a brave man, a true patriot, and a capable Statesman,' and because 'I have been dissatisfied with the course of measures pursued by the Administration.'"

This looks like honesty and independence on the face of it, but this, like other stories, has two sides to it. This seemingly honest and independent Mr McElvaine until within sixty days of his conversion was an ardent, strenuous and efficient supporter of the Democratic cause. But when the Banks obtained judgement against him for $27,000 all of a sudden this independent and honest man came out a flaming Harrisonite.—"'Tis true, but pity 'tis 'tis true." Whig victories and Bank victories are synonomous, but most of them are achieved through the potent agency of the Banks.

Mr McElvaine knows Gen. Harrison well, but he knows the Banks *better*, for he, like many others, is a *victim.—Bangor Democrat.*

**BANK RUMORS.** It was recently stated in the N. Y. Herald that certain parties were endeavoring to force off in N. York, large amounts of bills on the Stillwater Canal Bank, so much being offered at a discount at one time as $6,000. This gave rise to a suspicion, that that bank, like the Oldtown, had passed into the hands of N. York sharpers, and was on the ere of explosion. Its Directors have, however, recently denied this rumor in the most peremptory manner, and announce their ability to redeem all their issues.

Rumor has been busy too with the Agricultural Bank at Brewer. The Boston Times says of its bills:

"But it is notoriously true, that the Brokers in State street dodge at the sight of them, and when presented to them for sale, they will ask from 2 to 5 per cent, when the regular rate is 1 1-2, and they will not keep them over night at that. Unusually large amounts have been forced into circulation recently, and the "*Redeemer*" has been forced to put off the redemption of some particular lots until a future day.

The whole business looks like a revised (though not corrected) edition of the Roxbury Bank which exploded not long since.

On the other hand, the editor of the Bangor Democrat says:

"Mr. Deane, a Director in the Brewer Bank, has just called, and requested us to state on his responsibility as an officer of the institution that most, if not all the statements in the Boston Times in regard to that Bank, are untrue.

The same editor says that the bills of the Frankfort Bank "are found their way to New York by the aid of wall street brokers," and intimates "its *total failure*" is by no means improbable.

We adhere to the opinion we expressed last fall, that it was the duty of the Legislature last winter, to take away the charters of all these banks, and some others too. It may, or may not be true, that they are bankrupt. It is certain that they are weak, "*lame ducks*," to use the language of Wall street.—*Augusta Age.*

## SMALL CHANGE—BRANCH MINTS.

The inveterate hostility of the paper money party to the increase of our specie circulation was very strikingly manifested on Friday, in the Senate. A bill had been ordered to its third reading on the day before, authorizing the branch mints in North Carolina and Georgia to employ their leisure time in coining small silver, to wit: 25 cent pieces, and under. Nothing could be more reasonable than than this bill. It was known that there are seasons of the year when the working of the mines is relaxed on account of the weather, to wit: sping and winter; and during these periods the supply of bullion was scant, and the mint sometimes out of work. It was known, also, that the same press and machinery which strikes a half eagle will also strike a quarter dollar and also that the same press and machinery which strikes the quarter eagle will strike the ten cent and the five cent silver pieces. It was also furthermore known that the gold ore of North Carolina and Georgia contains an alloy of silver, sufficient, to make it an object to separate and coin it; and, finally, it was well known that the additional authority to these branches would cost not a dollar, while it would greatly increase the amount of silver change in the South, which section of the Union has no return trade from Philadelphia or New Orleans to bring them a supply of this change from those places. Under these circumstances, it was not to have been expected that any opposition would have been made to the bill; but the fact was otherwise. The paper money spirit could not let it pass; the shinplaster advocates could not witness, in peace, the passage of a bill by which the quantity of small silver would be increased, and the argument for shinplasters would be diminished. Mr Clay of Kentucky, and Mr. Preston, took the lead against the bill, and were well answered—we might say, well rebuked—by Senators from Georgia, and North and South Carolina, especially Messrs Lumpkin, Brown, and Calhoun. They replied to Messrs Clay and Preston most effectively; and in answer to Mr. Preston's proposal to sell out the branch mints, Mr. Brown asked if he would sell them to a bank or to a shinplaster manufactory? Finally the bill was passed, and sent to the House of Representatives, where its fate is yet to be seen. It is a clear case of paper against specie; of shinplasters against silver change—of bank and individual tickets against quarter dollar, ten cent, and five cent silver pieces. The enemies of the [illegible] stand confessed as the friends of the [illegible] trash issued by banks, brokers, barbers, [illegible] keepers, and tavern keepers, at the time of the suspension in 1837, and which the public sentiment has since stamped with so much opprobrium.—*Globe.*

*Beautiful Appendages.*—The New Era says there is a "Whig" in New York who has lately drank such enormous quantities of "*hard cider*," that *crab apples* have grown from his ears, and the end of his nose.

## GOOD NEWS FROM CONGRESS.

We are enabled to apprise our readers to-day of the passage of the General Appropriation Bill, through the lower House of Congress. It was reported from the Committee of the whole to the House, about 8 o'clock Saturday evening, and by the aid of the previous question, was then passed by a vote of 145 to 15.

Thus, after the opposition have delayed the passage of the bill for *four weeks*, by their factious objections, only 15 of them, at last, dared to go against it. What must be the verdict of the people upon conduct like this?

On motion, the House agreed to meet on Monday at 8 o'clock, and then adjourn till the following Thursday.—Eastern Argus.

From the Saco Democrat.

*Crowing and Cackling* is the order of the day with the whigs and a setting hen never made a greater muss over her addled heap, then these whigs over some small matter which they construe into a whig victory—Sift the subject and what have they gained? Connecticut and Rhode Island. And what has Mr Van Buren gained since his election to the Presidency? The following, giving the annexed number of electoral votes;

| | |
|---|---|
| Tennessee | 16 |
| Georgia | 11 |
| South Carolina | 11 |
| Massachusetts | 14 |
| Ohio | 21 |
| Indiana | 9 |
| Maryland | 10 |
| Delaware | 3 |
| Balance of old account | 128 |
| Whole vote 294, Mr. V B.'s strength | 252 |

WHO PAYS? The following paragraph is from the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette:

BALTIMORE CONVENTION.—We are pleased to learn that the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company have very liberally determined to take passengers wishing to attend the Whig Convention at Baltimore, to and from that place for the sum of five dollars.

This is the same Company which undertook last winter, to extort from Government, a most exhorbitant compensation for carrying the mail, under the penalty of stopping the intercourse between the North and South. It is wholly, the Globe understands, under the control of the Bank of the U. S. which is thus, it appears, offering *a bribe of three dollars a man* for attending the whig Convention. The fare for common people between Philadelphia and Baltimore is eight dollars.—Eastern Argus.

## Arrival of the Great Western.

FOURTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Great Western arrived at New York on Sunday, bringing London papers to the 15th of April.

A correspondent of the Jour. of Commerce says, the House has sustained Ministers in their measures directed against China. An order in Council has been issued, authorising reprisals by National vessels. Still the Government entertain the hope that negotiation will supersede hostile operations.

The trade is declared by the Chinese to be cut off *for ever*; and if so, England will reluctantly exclude the American shipping by a blockade, as it is evident that they count on employing American vessels at some Port, to continue the traffic which they can now so inconveniently dispense with. Lord Palmerston, in the course of his speech, remarked that the Americans had proposed to Congress to make *common cause with England*, in compelling China to a trade on modern principles. [This is not true] Argus.

A personal difference, in relation to the Sulphur monopoly, between the King of Naples and Mr Temple, the British Ambassador at that Court appears likely to sever the friendly relations of the two countries. Mr. Temple has taken his passport, and no doubt ordered a squadron to encompass Sicily.

M. Thiers has thrown himself more decidedly on the left side of the Chamber of Deputies, and determined, it would seem, to adopt a foreign policy independent of England; to sustain Mehemet Ali in the possession of his conquests; and perhaps, by way of *sustaining the balance of power*, to allow Russia to exercise certain dominancy over the councils of the Sultan. France is enlarging, and improving by discipline, her Marine, and proposes to run as *packets*, national steamvessels to America, that they may be ready when required.

The Belgian Ministers have all again resigned.

Money is 5 per cent. from the Banks, but out doors 4 to 4,1-2. Stocks and trade improve slowly though daily, and, as fine warm weather softens, naturally—so gradually yields the Grain Market. American Flour, in bond, 28s. The quantity of Bread Stuff is not sufficient to depress prices, perhaps. Rain would be now very acceptable. Cotton barely maintains 6d. for middle quality. Stock in Liverpool, 210, 000, against 253,000 last year. The import, 106,000 excess. The spinners are buying freely.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—In the House of Commons, April 14th, on motion of Lord J. Russell, an address to the Crown was adopted for copies or extracts of all correspondence between the American Ministers and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with respect to the North American boundary. On the previous day, in the same House,

Sir R. Peel inquired when the documents relating to the American boundary, which had appeared in the American papers, as well as other explanatory documents, would be printed? If the floor of the Foreign Office were repaired, he trusted a long time would not elapse before copies were laid on the table. (Laughter)

Lord J. Russell said the papers had not been printed because they had not been received from Mr. Fox before they had appeared in the American newspapers. The papers which had since been received would be laid on the table before the adjournment.

A rebellion has broken out in the canton of Valais, in Switzerland. The Republican Party overthrew the Aristocracy, and now command the town of Sion and the Canton.

*India and China.*—An express had arrived at London from India. The tenor of the intelligence was very warlike. Active preparations were being made in all the British dominions against China. There was no prospect of a renewal of the trade. The Capt. of every American vessel was required to give a bond, (before being allowed to enter the port of Canton) that they had no merchandise of any kind belonging to the English on board—and that if any thing of the kind should be found, the ship & cargo might be confiscated

A supplement to the Calcutta Gazette of Feb. 15th states that the fort of Peshoot was stormed on the 17th Jan. by a detachment of the army of Affghanistan. The loss of the British was 16 killed and 34 wounded.


## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 12, 1840.


### PROCEEDINGS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CONVENTION.

Agreeable to previous notice, a meeting of the Democratic Young Men of the County of Oxford was held at the Court House on Paris Hill, on Wednesday the sixth day of May, at ten o'clock, A. M., 1840.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. Jonathan Swift, of Norway, and duly organised by the choice of Hon. Job Prince, of Turner, Chairman, and Geo. W. Millett, of Paris, and Lee Strickland, of Livermore, Secretaries.

On motion of C. Andrews of Turner, a Committee of seven was raised to draft Resolutions expressing the sense of this Convention; and C. Andrews, Geo. F. Emery, of Paris, John W. Dana, of Fryeburg, Jonathan Swift, John J. Perry, of Oxford, Timothy Ludden, of Peru, and Alvan Bolster, of Rumford, were appointed said Committee.

On motion of Mr. Perry, the meeting adjourned until half past one o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON.—Met according to adjournment—The Committee appointed to prepare Resolutions expressing the sense of this Convention, reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the object of this Convention is not the establishment of new principles, as we will ever preserve the pure and unsullied doctrine of our Democratic Fathers, but the union of the strength and energy of Youth with the counsel and wisdom of Age: that at this particular crisis in the political affairs of this State and nation, it is the duty of the *Young Men* of Oxford to co-operate with our older Democratic brethren in effecting a "more thorough organization under the broad banner of Democracy."

*Resolved*, That Democracy is founded upon the firm basis of *eternal Truth*; its principles are deeply rooted in the hearts and affections of the people, and its professed object and legitimate tendency is to elevate the social and moral character of man;—that based upon such a foundation, and having such a glorious object in view, its hallowed precepts and sound doctrines need but to be known to ensure a general commendation, and ultimately a complete and universal triumph.

*Resolved*, That we assume no artificial character, or borrowed or stolen name, that we have for our object no empty shadow of pretence—that we hold to the principles of Democracy, as taught by the immortal JEFFERSON and his followers—that they laid the only sure foundation upon which to sustain a Republican form of Government—and that the future destinies of our nation depend upon its preservation.

*Resolved*, That the course now being pursued by the Whig, *alias, Federal*, party, is the same which has been pursued by them through every political campaign since the days of their founder—Alexander Hamilton;—they are as they were in the days of the elder Adams, save the black cockade; in the days of the Hartford Convention, save the secret conclave; during the last war, only they have no victories of the enemy to boast over; in the glorious career of ANDREW JACKSON, whom they denounced as "a greater curse to the country than war, pestilence, or famine;" while against MARTIN VAN BUREN they are now waging a war of personal scandal, falsehood, and defamation, alike disgraceful to themselves, and insulting to a free and enlightened people.

*Resolved*, That the present political contest, both of State and nation, is of vital importance to the welfare of this Republic, and that every Democrat is loudly called upon to come to the rescue of the eternal *principles of* LIBERTY; which principles are assailed by a monied aristocracy—by bank paper minions—by chartered monopolists—by an office-hungry, piebald, faction, baffled by defeat, and made desperate by a long-cherished feeling of revenge, who, all united in their foul purpose as one man, are now making an all-desperate effort to take by storm the sacred fortress of our country's freedom.

*Resolved*, That this is a contest of principle; and if we have not to fight British mercenaries and hirelings with arms in our hands, as did our fathers, we have at least to contend against British stipendiaries, with Charters in their pockets, leagued with suspended Banks, swindling brokers, and the great mass of non-producers; but to defeat them we have only to use the sword of *truth* and the helmet of *principle*; and if any caitiff-hearted slave will now, in the hour of trial, forsake the Republican Banner, abjure the faith of his fathers, and renounce the principles of Patriotism, let him go to the enemy—league himself with his kindred spirits—indelibly bearing upon his forehead in all time to come, the mark of TRAITOR to his country, and to the glorious cause of human liberty.

*Resolved*, That the libellous attempts of the opposition to stigmatise the Democracy as being in any way connected with the fanatic and dangerous doctrine of modern Abolitionism, has proved abortive; and like most of their foul calumnies, has returned with redoubled force upon the heads of its progenitors, making them appear alike ridiculous in the eyes of every Northern and Southern Patriot.

*Resolved*, That special legislation, and granting special privileges, has become too common in this State; that it is a dangerous principle, and should be checked; that a reform is loudly called for in the present Banking System; that Banks should at all times redeem their bills in specie or forfeit their charters; that the bills of the Banks should be the true representation of a safe amount of specie at all times in their vaults,—at least one dollar in specie, to three dollars of bills in circulation; that a stop should be put to the circulation of small notes as fast as practicable, without injuriously affecting the business transactions of the country, that the people may have a certain amount of money with which to do business, not subject to the control of Bankers, or in any way connected with them.

*Resolved*, That both National and State Governments should be entirely disconnected from Banks; and that they should not be used as their fiscal agents; that the adoption of the Independent Treasury Bill will give a permanency and stability to the business transactions of the country which it has never before had, we therefore deem it a prudent, wise, and safe measure, meeting our hearty approbation.

*Resolved*, That we disapprove of the extravagant system of internal improvement that is now being carried on by many of the States, and is so often urged upon Congress, inasmuch as it operates unequally upon different portions of the country, and must burthen posterity with an onerous debt; neither of which, in our opinion, is warranted by the Constitution.

*Resolved*, That the proposition of the Federal party to saddle the State Debts upon the General Government, is equally unjust, inexpedient, and unconstitutional.

*Resolved*, That we regard the course of the Federal party in Congress as but another illustration of their favorite maxim, "*the prevention, rather than the expectation of any positive good.*"

*Resolved*, That every attempt of the Federal party to charge the cause of our present pecuniary embarrassments upon any act or measure of the present National or State Administration, only makes them appear more hypocritical, ridiculous, and contemptible in the eyes of every impartial beholder.

*Resolved*, That we have indubitable proof that the self-styled Whigs, as a party, are endeavoring by all means in their power, to *increase*, rather than diminish, the pecuniary embarrassments under which the people are brought to suffer; that they are in their greatest glory as a party, when the country is in the greatest distress; and that, were it not for "*panics and pressures*," of which *they* are the legitimate authors, the Federal party would always be in a hopeless minority.

*Resolved*, That the often repeated assertion, that the Democratic party are opposed to a well regulated *credit system*, is a *base fabrication*, and is a fair specimen of the slander and falsehood which has become second nature to the Whig party.

*Resolved*, That the present tone of many of the leading Whig papers of the day, is nothing short of *moral treason*, and deserves the just indignation of a free and enlightened people.

*Resolved*, That the preservation of the elective franchise, in its purity and integrity, affords the only safe ground of hope for the preservation and perpetuity of our political institutions; that "broad seals," and inscriptions of fictitious names, as substitutes for the honest expression of the popular will, serve only to display Whig *principles* and Whig *depravity*.

*Resolved*, That the political course of MARTIN VAN BUREN has been honest and honorable, and marked with great wisdom and foresight, and as Chief Magistrate of the nation we place implicit confidence in his patriotism, and will most cheerfully render him all the aid in our power to secure his re-election.

*Resolved*, That in RICHARD M. JOHNSON we recognise the hero and the statesman, who never shrinks from his duty or the avowal of his principles, and should he again be brought before the American people as a candidate for the second office within their gift, we know of no one more worthy the station, or to whom we shall more cheerfully render our undivided support.

*Resolved*, That we have the fullest confidence in the talent and integrity of the Hon. REUEL WILLIAMS, and in each of the Democratic Representatives now in Congress from this State, and that they merit our undivided thanks for the able manner in which they have sustained the rights and interests of Maine.

*Resolved*, That the official acts of GOV. FAIRFIELD meet our hearty approval, and that he justly merits the commendation of the WHOLE State; that upon the exciting and troublesome question of our Boundary, his sound judgment, straight-forwardness, and inflexibility, leads us to say, "he is the man for the occasion;" and in proof of our sincerity we pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to secure his re-election to the station which he now fills with such signal honor to himself and the State.

*Resolved*, That the WHOLE territory of, and belonging to, the United States, should be held sacred by every American citizen,—that it was purchased by the treasure and blood of our fathers, and transmitted by them to us, with treaties defining its boundaries,—that we should prove recreant to our invaluable trust, and unworthy the sons of noble sires, did we not tenaciously maintain and preserve it to the uttermost extent of its limits.

*Resolved*, That we rejoice at the dignified and determined position now taken by the Executive of the Nation upon the question of our N. E. Boundary.—Believing that the crisis is nigh at hand when an amicable adjustment will be had, or an appeal to arms to sustain our *acknowledged* rights and the dignity of the nation. That the former may be the result we ardently hope; but if not without the compromity of our rights, we tender our insulted country our united aid in support of the latter.

*Resolved*, That the burst of sympathy and of patriotic feeling expressed by our sister States in relation to our North Eastern Boundary, demands from us as citizens of Maine, our warmest gratitude, and demonstrates that the same spirit which achieved our independence will vindicate and sustain it throughout every part of our Republic.

*Resolved*, That we love and revere the Constitution that binds this great and happy nation together; that it was wisely framed and timely adapted to meet the interests and condition of any State; that we deem it in accordance with the provisions of that sacred instrument never tamely to submit to the invasion of our territory; and that acquiescence on the part of Maine in the occupation of a great part of her territory by a foreign power, would show her an unworthy associate of her sister States, and a traitor to her interests and dignity.

*Resolved*, That we are ready to assist in planting the AMERICAN EAGLE upon the tallest pine at the North West Angle of Nova Scotia, and protect or perish under its folds.

*Resolved*, That the late attempts of the British Fox to surprise the aerie of the American Eagle, was but another proof of the cunning and duplicity of his nature; that however we may submit to the fashion of curtailing in *personal* property, we object to it in *real estate*.

The following Resolutions were offered by Hon. Stephen Emery, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the County of Oxford, the only *County* in our State, which gave a Democratic majority for ANDREW JACKSON, in 1828, will prove true to the principles of her political faith by giving a triumphant Democratic majority for MARTIN VAN BUREN, in 1840.

Resolved, That we approve of the political principles of the Oxford Democrat, as the organ of the Democratic party in Oxford County, and cordially commend it to the patronage of our Democratic friends.

On motion of Mr. Gerry, of Waterford, a Committee of five was raised to take into consideration the most practicable means for organising the Democratic party in the County of Oxford, consisting of Messrs. Gerry, John Walker, of Lovell, Wm. B. Bennett, of Buckfield, H. M. Codman, of Norway, and T. H. Brown, of Paris, which Committee asked leave to suggest a system of organization to the County Committee appointed by the County Convention in the year 1839, and that said Committee be requested to enlarge their number.

On motion of J. W. Dana, of Fryeburg, a Committee of five was raised to prepare an Address to the Electors of Oxford County, consisting of J. W. Dana, J. G. Coler, of Paris, Wm. B. Bennett, of Buckfield, Samuel Morrill of Dixfield, and E. Gerry, of Waterford.

The Convention was addressed by Levi Stowell, of Paris, Elbridge Gerry, of Waterford, Charles Andrews, of Turner, Wm. B. Bennett, of Buckfield, Geo. F. Emery, of Paris, Timothy Ludden, of Peru, Noah Prince, of Buckfield, Stephen Emery, of Paris, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Hampden, and J. J. Perry, of Oxford.

On motion of J. W. Dana, of Fryeburg, the thanks of this Convention were tendered to the President for the impartial and dignified manner in which he has presided over the deliberations of this body this day.

On motion of C. Andrews, of Turner, the thanks of this Convention were voted to the Secretaries for the industrious manner in which they have performed their duties this day.

On motion of C. Andrews,

*Voted*, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in the Oxford Democrat and such other Democratic papers in the State as may think proper.

JOB PRINCE, President.

GEO. W. MILLETT, } Secretaries.
LEE STRICKLAND, }

### THE CONVENTION.

The Convention, the proceedings of which will be found in to-day's paper, was very fully attended, much more so than was anticipated, considering the rainy and disagreable weather which had prevailed for several days previous, and the bad state of the roads. Young Men from almost every town in the County were present, and the feeling which pervaded throughout the day augurs well for "Old Oxford," next fall. Speeches were made by various gentlemen present, and were received with approbation and applause. The Resolves we recommend to the particular attention of our readers. They are spirited, spicy, and to the purpose. The Convention separated, as they met, with the utmost good feeling, and in the full confidence of a triumphant victory by the Democracy at the coming election over the combined forces of the opposition.

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The following friendly challenge to our friends in Waldo was handed to us for publication after the Convention had adjourned:—

*Resolved*, That we would give our Sister Waldo a friendley caution that, unless she puts forth an extra effort at the coming election, Oxford may stand where she now does, at the head of the list of Democratic Counties in the State. Come Sister, let's see which of us, with the assistance of our sterling friends of Kennebec, shall neutralize her Federal vote.

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VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The result of the elections in Virginia is pretty much the same as last year. The Whigs have had their shout, as is generally the case, before full returns had been recived. The result may show a gain of two or three to the Whigs. There are several Counties contested, and two or three to be heard from.—Those sanguine spirits among the Whigs who regard the result of a federal majority in the House of Delegates, which by the way they had last year, as indicative of the facts which it so loudly trumpeted forth that "Virginia is lost to the Administrations," reckon without their host, we opine. They would do well to look at the vote of 1832. In April of that year, fifty-five Jackson men and seventy nine Clayites were elected to the House. At the Presidential contest in the fall, the vote for Jackson was 33,669, for Clay 11,451, making a majority of more than 22,000 in favor of the former. The fact is, the result of the spring elections in that State afford no indication of the result at the Presidential contest, as all previous elections will show. Virginia will throw for Martin Van Buren a majority of from 5,000 to 10,000.

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SPIRIT OF '40. The Publishers of the Argus propose to issue a weekly paper under this title, to commence about the 1st of July, and to continue till after the election in November, in the size of the daily Argus, at the low rate of 25 cents a copy. Their prospectus, which we shall be pleased to copy in our next, is very ably written, and augurs well for the life and power of the "Spirit," to which we say, God speed!

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TIP-*ical*!—How often are the actions of men, unconsciously controled by 'the eternal fitness of things!' Even the whigs, inconsistent as they generally are, embellish with the figure of '*Old-Tip*,' the *rags* on which they *blow their noses!*' ☞

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Mr. Bancroft happily defines whig availability to consist in that happy mediocrity, which, from its weakness, has escaped being indentified with any prominent measure whatever.—*Nantucket Islander.*

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*Horrible Lynching Affair.*—The St. Louis Republican contains a letter dated Potois, Washington Co. Missouri, April 16th. It appears that a negro ran away from his mistress, who resides at Belleview, and after being absent about three months, was caught at the house of a man named Lago, and let out to labor, by his mistress, to a person in Belleview. He afterward returned to the house of his mistress, compelled her to give up what money she had, and committed violence on her person. He was caught and hanged, in presence of about 300 persons; and his value, $300, was collected and paid to his mistress.

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*More Sad Effects of the late Storm.*—Mr Geo. Meserve, of Bridton, (Maine) was instantly killed on Sunday afternoon last, by the falling of a barn. He had just returned from meeting, and while putting up his horse the barn was struck by a tempest and himself and horse instantly killed! He left a wife and six children.

A man by the name of JUDKINS was also killed we learn, in Freedom, N. H. the same afternoon, while standing at the glass shaving himself.

Eastern Argus May, 2.

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☞A bill was reported of the U. S. Senate on Friday, the 24th inst in favor of discharging the claim of Maine for services rendered the nation, in the Aroostook campaign of 1839. There can hardly be a doubt, we should suppose, of the early acceptance of the Report.—E. Argus.

FROM SIERRA LEONE.—British brig James Hay, Leavitt, arrived at New-York on Friday, in thirty three days from Sierra Leone, reports that the Baltimore built schooners Asp and Lark, both from Havana with outwards cargoes, had been taken by the British Cruisers, brought into Sierra Leone, and were there condemned. A New Orleans schooner had also been taken, and given up to the United States schooner Grampus, to be taken to Boston for trial. Captain Leavitt further states, that during the six weeks he lay at Sierra Leone, eighteen fine brigs and schooners were taken, brought into port, condemned, and broken up.—*Boston Courier.*

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STEADY EMPLOYMENT AND REGULAR WAGES.—Rev. Isaac Braham, (says the Salem Gazette) has officiated as pastor of the Congregational Society in Georgetown, in this county, forty-three years. His salary has ever been three hundred dollars and twelve cords of wood per annum.

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The UNIVERSALIST PALLADIUM and LADIE'S AMULET, commenced its 2d year last week, in a very neat typographical dress. Messrs COLESWORTHY & FESSENDEN are the publishers.

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A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—The editor of the "Maysville Monitor" abused J. N. Maffit, the Methodist preacher, in his paper. Maffit invited the editor to hear him preach; the invitation was accepted, the editor was converted, and became a member of Maffit's church. This is "heaping coals of fire" on the head of an enemy.

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If a man begins to save ten cents a day when he is 21 years old, and continues to do so until he is 70 he will then be worth $10,957 37.—A great many boys and young men spend nearly as much as this for unnecessary and injurous eating, drinking and smoking.

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SOMETHING REMARKABLE.—The Easton (Pa.) Whig states that eighteen stones, each of the size of a large hen's egg, lately taken from the bowels of a horse, have been deposited in the Easton Library. Several years since, two or three other stones, nearly twice the size of the present ones, were taken from the same horse.

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The English Government derives a duty of about £25,000 annually from newspaper stamps.

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☞The bill to reimburse this State for her military expenses in 1839, has passed the U. S. Senate without opposition.

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TIME.—There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space—a portion out of the immense, occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing of years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and not what we have suffered, makes us old.

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MANUFACTURES IN EGYPT.—Among other instances of the improved state of manufactures in Egypt, it is said that there are now 30,000 linen looms, 7,000 cotton looms, and 4,500 woolen looms in various establishments in that country. At the same time the corn and other vegetable products of Egypt are on the increase.

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## NOTICE.

The Members of the Paris-Hill Universalist Society are requested to meet at S. Norris' on Saturday the sixteenth inst. at four o'clock P. M. for the transaction of important business.

A punctual attendance is requested.

GEO. W. MILLETT, Sec'ry.

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## MARRIED.

In this town, by Rev. Mr. Walker, Mr. ELIAS CHASE and Miss LAURA CLIFFORD. By Hon. S. Emery, Capt. Horatio G. Russ and Miss Ruth S. Houghton. By Col. C. Andrews, Mr. Sullivan Andrews and Miss Olivia Gray, all of this town

In Peru, by Timothy Ludden Esq., Mr. Willian Paul and Miss Clarinda Thurston. Mr. Lyman S. Wing, of Monmouth, and Miss Mary B. York, of Peru.

In Woodstock, by Rev. R Dunham, Capt. Henry H. Packard and Miss Abigail Cole, both of Woodstock.

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## DIED.

In Albany, 28th ult. Stephen Pingree, a Revolutionary Pensioner, aged 78. Papers in Mass. and N. Hampshire are requested &c.

In Roxbury, March 27th, Mr. John Taylor, a Revolutionary Soldier, aged 77. Papers in New-Hampshire are requested &c.

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## CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of CROCKER & SHAW, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 26th day of March last. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make payment to E. C. SHAW at the old stand, by the first of July next; otherwise their demands will be left with an attorney for collection, "*and no mistake.*"

THOMAS CROCKER,
E. C. SHAW.

Paris, May 11, 1840. tf

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## Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:—

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction at the Inn of Jacob B. Leach, in Rumford on Tuesday the sixteenth day of June next, at ten of the clock A. M., all the right and equity that Nathan Abbott has of redeeming the Clothing Mill situated at Rumford Falls, consisting of a first-rate Carding Machine, Picker and Shears, together with the water privilege, buildings and all apparatus thereunto belonging.

ISAAC PARK, D'pty Sheriff.

Rumford, May 11th, 1840. 3w39

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## Administrator's Sale—*Adjourned.*

PURSUANT to license obtained from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at Public Auction, on the premises, all the real estate of William H. Muzzy, late of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, on the last Saturday of May, at one o'clock, P. M. Said real estate consists of a small house and three quarters of an acre of land, situated at Crafgie's Mills, subject to the widow's right of dower therein

ALEX. H. MUZZY, Adm.

Oxford, May 4, 1840. 2w39

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## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—*Denmark.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Denmark, county of Oxford, State of Maine, that they have been taxed in the Bills committed to me as collector for the years A. D. 1838 and 1839, and remain unpaid in the following sums, viz:

*For 1838.*

| | No. Lot. | Range. | Acres. | Value. | Tax | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | C. | $ |
| Amos & Eliza Burnal, Osgood land, | | | 26 | 30 | 40 | 5 73 |
| Burnal, | Unk. | unk. | 100 | 400 | 5 54 | |
| Abraham York | 10 | " | 100 | 70 | 1 18 | 1 18 |
| Nath'l Hale & Co. | 51 | " | 75 | 50 | 73 | 73 |
| Solomon Milikin | unk. | " | 147 | 100 | 1 33 | 1 33 |

*Deficiency for 1839.*

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alfred Farnum, Deering farm, | 60 | 350 | | | 4 46 | 4 46 |
| Walker & Nelson, | 26 | Freeman Lot | 50 | 125 | 1 99 | 1 99 |
| Solomon Milikin | unk. | " | 145 | 100 | 2 67 | 2 67 |
| Abraham York | unk. | " | 100 | 70 | 89 | 89 |
| Nath'l Hale & Co. | 51 | " | 75 | 50 | 67 | 67 |

*Others take warning,*—and unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Saturday the twenty-ninth day of August, A. D. 1840, I shall then proceed to sell at public Auction, at the store of Gibson & Ingalls in Denmark, at one o'clock, P. M., so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge the same respectively.

AMOS POOR, Collector for 1838, '39, & '40.

Denmark, May 2, 1840.

ALL non-resident Tax that remain unpaid, that is to be assessed for 1840, until Dec 31, will be served as above on the first of January, 1841.

P. S. Will the Argus copy and send bill to A. P., C. D. 3w39

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NOTICE.—This may certify, that I, the subscriber, have given my son Ransom Ripley, Jr., his time; that I shall pay no debts of his contracting, and claim none of his earnings from this date.

RANSOM RIPLEY.

Paris, May 5, 1840. *3w39

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NOTICE.—Ran away from the subscriber on the 4th inst. a boy, about fifteen years of age, by the name of Zenas Shaw; this is to forbid all persons from harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting.

STEPHEN THURLOW.

Hartford, May 5, 1840. 3w39

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MICAH ALLEN.

## TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of this town & vicinity, that he still continues the Tailoring business at his former stand on Paris-Hill. He would likewise inform them that he has received the Spring and Summer Fashions for 1840. He flatters himself that he shall be able to do work to the satisfaction of those who may employ him. All orders promptly attended to and the least favor greatfully acknowledged. Cutting attended to at short notice.

☞WANTED. Two or three apprentice Girls.

April 11th, 1840. tf

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## MILITARY CAPS, &C.

THE subscribers greatful for the liberal Patronage hitherto bestowed on them by the Military of the State, would respectfully give notice to the Officers and Soldiers of the light corps in the State, that they have on hand a great variety of Samples of Caps of the latest Style; and will make to order for Companies at short notice on the most reasonable terms.

They will also furnish Companies with *Knapsacks* of the most approved patterns, cheap as the cheapest and as good as the best. Gentlemen about contracting for Caps or Knapsacks are invited to call at

No. 50 MIDDLE STREET.

WILSON & PUINY, Agents.

Portland April 16, 1840. is 6w37

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## NOTICE.

THE subscriber, feeling greatful for past favors, takes this opportunity to express his gratitude to his friends and customers in Paris and vicinity and would inform them that he has removed for a short time to Norway Village, nearly opposite the stage tavern, where he will attend to repairing clocks and watches and be in readiness to accommodate such as may favor him with their custom.

SIMEON WALTON,

April 1840. 3w28

N. B. Watches that are repaired, and not taken away or some arrangement made concerning them will be liable to be sold at auction to pay the charges after one year. SIMEON WALTON.

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## *Dissolution of Copartnership.*

THE firm heretofore existing between the subscribers under the name and style of Gardner & Andrews, is by mutual consent this day dissolved. All demands against said firm may be presented to the said Gardner for payment and all due the same, paid to him without unnecessary delay. JOHN GARDNER.

SULLIVAN ANDREWS.

North Paris April 30, 1840. *3w38

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## PAUPER NOTICE.

THIS is to forbid all persons harbouring or trusting any person who is, or may become chargeable to the Town of Rumford, as I have made ample provision at my house for their support, from the 6th Inst. and given bonds for their support.

JEREMIAH RICHARDSON,

Rumford, April 16, 1840. *3w38

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## Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, William P. Hanson of Oxford in the County of Oxford, did on the Seventh day of March, A. D. 1838, execute to Cyrus K. Conant of Alfred, in the County of York, a Mortgage deed of a certain parcel of land situated in said Oxford in said County of Oxford being a part of the Grezely farm, so called, containing ten acres with the buildings thereon and the privileges thereunto appertaining, as more particularly described in said Mortgage deed recorded in the Registry of Deeds in said County of Oxford Book 55, Pag. 356, to which reference may be had; and whereas, the said Conant afterwards on the tenth day of January, A. D. 1840 by his deed of assignment duly executed transferred and assigned to Nathan D. Appleton of said Alfred, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Porter Lambert, Esq. all his right, title and interest in and to said Mortgage; and whereas the condition of said Morgage has been broken by said Hanson, I hereby claim to foreclose the same.

NATHAN D. APPLETON.

Alfred, April 20, 1840. 3w38

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## Commissioners' Notice.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, Commissioners, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the Estate of Nathan Dudley, late of Hebron in said County, deceased, give notice that six months are allowed to said creditors from the fourteenth day of April instant, to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend at the dwelling house of Daniel Bearce in said Hebron, on the last Mondays of June, and of September next—from two, the five o'clock P. M. on each of said days, to receive and examine.

GIDEON CUSHMAN, Jr. } Com'rs.
DANIEL BEARCE. }

Hebron, April 27th, 1840. 3w38

our grief-born union of hearts—reason would demonstrate her inestimable worth—impassioned fancy would adorn her, as nature had adorned her, with the hues and lineaments of angelic loveliness, and my heart would be feeding on the delicious vision. But then, (my black bile beginning to work,) all of a sudden, like the harpies of old, and quite as abominable as those monsters, a new flight of black vulturine thoughts would descend upon the banquet of my soul, and change the zest into nause by their defilements. 'Jewess, Jewess,' would I again mutter like a demoniac. 'A Jewish wife must make me miserable. When I teach my children the doctrines of christianity, their Jewish mother will be a hindrance to their faith and a grief to *mine*. I must either omit the worship of God in my family, or be disturbed in my devotions by the thought, that when I utter the Saviour's name and express my reliance on his meditation, the partner of my bosom, whether she kneel like a hypocrite, or sit like an infidel, will in her heart attach the title of imposter to that venerable name.' Then would my heart rise up with disgust against the whole race of unbeleaving Jews, ancient and modern. Then in rapid succession would texts of Scripture, facts in history, passages in books of travels, and all that I had read or heard, that was dishonorable to the Jews, rise up in my memory and fill me with detestation of the very name of Jew 'The Jews! The stiff-necked hard-hearted race, (would I mutter, bitterly,) who provoked the patience of God, until He by his prophets cursed and banned them out of his mercy & from the pale of human society, and made them a hissing and curse among all nations.' Did they not, like furious demons, cry out 'Crucify him, Crucfy him!' And how many acts of fiendish malignity and loathsome baseness have they committed? They are hated by all nations, by Christians, Mussulman, Pagan—'by saint, by savage, and by sage' —all concur in executing the Divine curse upon them. And I am to marry one of them! Oh, why was so beautiful, so amiable a creature born of the accursed race? The miserly knavish race! The scorn and the detestation of travellers in Poland, and wheresoever strangers are exposed to their knavish tricks and unprincipled exactions! Faugh! The squalid occupants of suburbs and streets, where a decent passenger is nauseated by their filth! The bearded venders of old clothes! The malignant Shylocks of the money market! Their very name has become a term for villany and extortion. Jew signifies miser and rogue. Yet these people I must take into my bosom for my wife's sake—and call them cousin!

The agony of the struggle was temporarily abated by the appearance of my beloved Rockbridge. When I entered its confines, I hailed with delight the grim aspect of the Jump Mountain, as he reared his black and shaggy brow over the border of the landscape. The familiar scenes near my father's cottage, shed their sweet influence upon my heart, from verdant hill and from meadow brook, stealing its way along the dale beneath the covet of its willows. When the cedar cliffs by the river showed me the pathway to the dear nook where I drew my infant breath, I sprang from the coach, threaded each well known turn by rock and tree, saw in all its rural quietude the home of my childhood, bounded into the house, heard the cry of joyful surprise, flung myself first on one breast, then on another, of parents, sisters and friends, and received with delight the enthusiastic greetings of the servants, whose sooty faces were enlightened by the shining white of their teeth, and not less shining white of their glad eyes. Now for awhile, I felt as simply happy as I had been when

> In rustic boyhood, free from care,
> I hooked the trout, and chased the hare.

But I soon relapsed into my distressing meditations. When the first gale of delight on arriving at home had blown over, I remembered my matrimonial engagement with a Jewess, and the remembrance struck a damp on my feelings. Now, thought I, comes my sorest trial. I must tell my parents and friends that I am about to fetch a Jewess wife into their circle: and how will it shock them! How they will wonder and grieve! I had walked out to look over my old play grounds, and my favorite bank for summer fishing and reading beneath the shade of a broad elm, when these painful thoughts occurred: To banish them, I returned to the house and busied myself with conversation.—I was not yet delivered of my tormentors, when my syster Elizabeth asked me for the key of my trunk, that she might dispose of my apparel. Then I remembered the dear portrait, which I had not taken out, and in the confusion of my thoughts seldom ever remembered, since it was put away. Fearing that it might be found, and bring on a premature discovery, I hastened up stairs alone, took it out, opened the case, and again felt the witching charm of those lovely features, to such a degree that all doubts and fears vanquished like ghosts before the rosy-fingered beams of Aurora. "I will write to-morrow," said I, as I closed the case, and locked it up in my drawer. On going to bed I looked at it again, and felt doubly assured that the soul which beamed through those eyes, could never make a husband unhappy. 'I will write to-morrow,' said I again, 'and inform her of my safe arrival and of my unaltered determination to fulfil our engagement.' I went to bed and mused sweetly on my Judith, until my waking thoughts faded away into the purple twilight of dreams; then Judith herself appeared in a green meadow of fairy land, gathering sweet flowers—her form invested with the airy lightness of a sylph and colored with the rainbow tints of a blessed spirit.

The next morning I slept so long and soundly, that when I awoke I heard the family at breakfast. I dressed myself and hurried down to join them. After breakfast, we went to the parlor, where I was pleasantly engaged during the forenoon in conversation with the family, and some friends who called to see me.

Towards noon my father alluded incidentally to the sale of a horse, which he had lately made to a traveller. I asked some question which led him to give us an amusing account of the transaction—amusing to all the rest, and it would have been equally so to me, if my unsuspecting parent had not used an expression, which I had often heard and often used myself, but which now had gall and wormwood in it to my feelings.

'He tried to *Jew* me,' said my father.

'Was it that little bald, sharp-faced man that I saw you with at the post office?' asked my sister.

'Yes, (said my father,) with small gray eyes and a shrill voice.'

'Perhaps he *was* a Jew,' added my sister.

'Possibly enough, (said my father;) his knavish looks would at least become a Jew. He tried first to impose on me by undervaluing the the horse, and then by passing uncurrent money upon me, protesting that it was current. If he was not a rouge of a Jew, he was a Jew of a rogue.'

These unusually bitter expressions of my father went like daggers' points to my heart.—But my kindred most undesiguedly condemned me to still keener torments. My good mother spoke up and said:

'It is a happy circumstance that we have no Jews among us in the valley. I should hate to have any thing to do with them.'

My mother's face exhibited her anti-Jewish disgust as she spoke.

'They are not *all* so bad,' said my father in extenuation; and I thanked him in my heart for the sentiment. But my mother drove the dagger up to the hilt when she said:

'Good or bad, a Jew is a Jew; and I should hate to have any of them about me.'

This was too much for my feelings. I rose hastily and went out to conceal my agony.—Doleful indeed were my dumps. 'They will never consent,' said I, as I rushed away from the house, with as much hurrying impetuosity, as if I were stung by a swarm of hornets. 'Perhaps they never ought to consent,' was the next reflection. The whole train of my evil thoughts returned, headed this time by the squeaking miser Levi, so like my father's horse buyer.—I hurried wildly on, till I found myself on the brow of a precipice by the river side. I was not prepared for a lover's leap into the stream below; therefore I stopped and seating myself on a rock, leaned my head upon my knees, and in that meditative posture sank deeper and deeper into the black sea of my reflections. Here I was found by a negro boy sent to tell me that dinner was ready. After swallowing what I supposed might conceal my want of appetite, I remembered that Judith's portrait had hitherto operated as a charm, either to keep off the black demons, or to exorcise them if they had possession. Inspired with eager hope, I rose from the table and went hastily up stairs for the portrait. I found my table drawer unlocked, as I had inadvertently left it in the morning. I hastily searched the drawer, and lo! the portrait was gone! Instead of the hoped for relief, additional miseries came upon me; the dun clouds of despair boiled up more thickly and fearfully in the horizon of my soul. Who could have taken my jewel? I could not conjecture, and I durst not inquire; because inquiry would end in a disclosure of my love engagement with a Jewess—a secret which in my present state of mind, I could not bear to reveal.

After some days, my conscience smote me for withholding so important a communication from my parents, who had a right to know my matrimonial scheme; and who were best qualified to teach me by their cool and experienced judgement, how to distinguish the dictates of sober reason from the illusions of passion and the suggestions of prejudice. Freely could I tell them all but the one fact, that although my Judith was one of the best and the most beautiful of maidens, and wealthy withal, yet she was that most disagreeable thing—a Jewess.—Oh, misery! how often when the story was on the point of my tongue, did I shudder and draw back at the thought of telling that. But *that* was the critical point of the case; to withhold that would be to evade the gist of the difficulty.

Days and weeks rolled on but gave no return of brightness to my soul—no decisive result to my agonizing reflections. I moped and mused and pined away. My friends observed my melancholy air and haggard looks. They ascribed all to returning consumption, and often took counsel about the means of cure. Alas! they little dreamed that the malady was consuming the heart and not the lungs.

Thus I drooped and hesitated, until the month of May, was three-fourths gone. I had not written even the friendly letter which my Judith had so earnestly requested. What a beast was I? Now the time was come when I *must* decide the matrimonial question, either by action or by procrastination. I must now write to my lovely Jewess, or forfeit all claim even to her friendly regard. I had promised to write my decision at the latest by the sharp visaged miser Levi, who would embark at New York on the first day of June. Often did I sit down with pen in hand, resolved to write something. But what could I write? That I was well? No; That I had decided to marry her? No; That I had consulted my friends? No; not even that; That I was tormented with doubts and fears, and yet unable to decide? yes; but why write a fact which could only distress her? Better not write at all: the failure of the promised letter might be imputed to accident. But on second thoughts, this appeared unfeasible; for she had reason to expect several letters; and all could hardly fail. One other course remained; I might if I pleased say to her 'Forget me, lovely Judith.' In a misanthropic mood, when every thought was dark and bitter, I twice sat down in desperate resolve to end the strife by writing her a letter of dismissal—but ere the fatal sentence "I have decided not to marry you, my Judith,' could be finished, I seemed to hear thunders roll at a distance, and to see the lightning flash of my tutelary angel as he descended at this awful moment; and then a monitory voice within me would whisper, 'Cast not that pearl away!" Then I could not—for my life I durst not—wilfully cast that pearl away.

The eve of the last day had arrived when I must write to secure the stipulated conveyance. To defer my answer beyond the next day, would be in effect to discard my beloved Jewess. The sun of the evening had set in the deepest gloom of a cloudy atmosphere; my soul was gloomy as the shadow of death. My powers of mind and body were almost prostrated by long and deep melancholy, now reaching the acme of a doleful hypochondria. I sat in my room; my candle burned dimly with its knobbed, unsnuffed wick. I leaned over the back of my chair with my elbow behind it and my temple supported with the palm of my hand, my eyes were half closed, and scarcely sensible of the glimmering light in the room. Horrid spectres now for the first time flitted across the fields of my imagination, and disappeared. Then they reappeared, bloody and fierce; they stopped and gloated and grinned at me, until I almost fainted with terror. I was verging to absolute madness. Suddenly I heard a low tapping at the door. I started up, shuddering with dread; for I conceived that murderers were coming with daggers to stab me. "Who is there?" I cried, with a scarcely audible voice. "Me, massa Willie," was the answer. I felt instant relief, when I recognised the voice of old Hannah, my nurse in infancy, who always had for me a mother's affection. She opened the door softly, and completed my restoration to sober sense by the sight of her honest face.—"Massa Willie, I don't want to 'trub you now, when you got so poorly again. I jist came to ax you if that slot Poll that Massa hired last Christmas, didn't take this curious piece o' money, or whatever it is, from you. I thought it must be your'n, for I know it ain't none o' her'n. See, it is," said she, coming forward and holding up what I saw instantly to be my locket-case—my talisman! As the famished tiger or the boa constrictor springs upon his prey, so did I spring forward and clutch my jewell; and when I had it in my grasp, I lifted both hands aloft and cried "thank God, thank God, I have her once more." Then I said quickly, "Go down now, aunt Hannah, I wish to be alone." She was amazed, as well she might be, but retired promptly, saying as she went, "That can't be money, no how, that makes massa Willey so glad." I hastily locked the door after her, already sensible of a new spirit within me; then taking my seat at the table, I snuffed the candle, and pressed the locket-spring. The lid flew up, and again presented to my longing eyes that sweet enrapturing face. The picture restored with magical force and rapidity, the lovely traits, corporeal and mental, of the dear original, now so nearly abandoned. I looked and looked; the beautiful image seemed to acquire animation as I gazed upon it, and to rise before the imagination into the living fulness and reality of Judith's lovely self. Yes, now my Judith was indeed herself again. Melancholy, with all his imps of darkness, had vanished at her presence.

I hesitated no longer, but wrote the chief part of the letter that night; declaring my undiminished love, and my fixed resolution to go and claim her hand, as soon as she would permit me. I apologised for my delay, by acknowledging the deceased state of my mind, and the gloomy views that succeeded and produced a long struggle. I expressed my intention of visiting her in London before the expiration of the year; but said that I would await an answer from her, that I might if she gave permission, go prepared to consummate our union before the next spring which was the time that she had appointed as the earliest period of our nuptials.

Having written thus much, I went to bed; leaving what remained to be filled up in the morning, after a consultation with my parents. The next morning I *did* state the case to my parents, but with fear and trembling; not that I expected opposition from them after they should hear all; but I scarcely hoped for their full approval. Nevertheless, although they were shocked, as I expected them to be, at the Judaism of betrothed, yet after I had given them a full history of our acquaintance, and exerted my eloquence in depicting her excellencies,—not forgetting the symptoms of her inclination for christianity, nor the act so generally agreeable to parents, that she was very rich, I had the satisfaction to hear them yield their approval, and advise me to write immediately. They saw the hand of Divine Providence in the circumstances, and were persuaded that my happiness would be less hazarded by consummating the marriage, than by doing violence to my feelings, and plunging again into the deeps of melancholy.

So I finished my letter, and directed it under cover of Simon Levi, at New-York. It went by that day's mail, and would in due course reach New-York on the thirtieth of May.

But the expression which the gray-eyed miser had dropped about his 'boy Joseph,' gave me a suspicion, that if he knew the state of affairs between me and Judith, he might suppress my letter, with the view of getting Judith's fortune into his own family. Therefore to avoid the possibilty of failure in this way, I wrote a second letter, directed to Judith's self in London, to go by the usual mode of conveyance in New-York packets. This I put in the post-office four days after the other. Thus if one should fail, I might rely upon the success of the other. I met with an immediate reward for my late fidelity; for when I put my second letter into the office, I found one there from Judith; short and written very hastily on her landing at Liverpool. She apologised for its brevity, saying that a swift sailing packet was to sail immediately for New-York, and that she had time only to tell me of her prosperous voyage, good health and unchanged heart. She concluded with the promise of writing fully on the receipt of my first letter, which she hoped to receive within a fortnight after her arrival at home.

The expression of this hope gave me a severe pang of self-approach. 'Wretched procrastinator that I am, (said I,)—how sadly disappointed she must be!' But I had done my duty at last.

[CONCLUDED INSIDE.]


## ON THE SMALL POX.

### *To the Citizens of Boston & State of Massachusetts.*

SMALL POX is a complaint more attendant on childhood than at any other time of life; the human species, however, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of this disease does really consist in a portion of the worst kind of humors having become mixed with the circulation of the Blood, either from contagion or otherwise. It is this humor which produces shiverings, fevers, heaviness, weariness, and pains all over the body, because the circulation is impeded, and its natural course disordered by the bad humors. This is the first period.

The Blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption and thus to throw out these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (matter pimples) in more or less quantity according to the previous healthy or unhealthy condition of the body. After these pimples come out, the fever subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into dust. This the third period.

The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient; if he was sickly before, and his humors in a corrupt state, he is infinitely more exposed to danger than if he had enjoyed perfect health before the attack; for, the blood being weighed down by the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to reject the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore, be mortal, provided no preventive course has been employed; for the third period cannot take place in consequence of the blood not having the power to throw the humors out, so as to form pustules.

### The Preventive Course.

When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the sooner every one commences purifying his body by purgation, the better; and should any of the above symptoms present themselves just take the **Brandreth Pills** every twelve hours, so as to produce powerful evacuations,—supposing that the fever arose not from the Small Pox, the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to health will be the same. At the second period, and while the fever continues, even if the variolous eruption takes place, the Pills must be continued so as to produce good evacuations daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will also prevent any scars from being made, or any internal obstructions or settling of the humors. By this means the crisis takes its course, and whether the humors be slightly corrupted or strongly depraved, the life of the patient is equally free from danger. And in case of any new attack of pain, or any sign of accident from cold or otherwise, the purgation must be repeated in the interval of the drying of the pimples.

By thus evacuating the corrosive acrosity of the humors which produce hole in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient cured by this practice will not be exposed to the different inconveniences which are so often the consequences of this disease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold. There would be no inoculation or vaccination either,—people would be too wise then, they would know that all the doctors ery would be removed EFFECTUALLY and without danger by simply evacuating the bowels and thus purifying the blood until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this practice, how many weeks, months, nay, perhaps years, of sickness might it not prevent! Fathers and mothers of families, reflect, it is only your duty to yourselves and your dear children to reflect upon these things and be advised in time. Should vaccination be decided upon, let the body be put in a healthy state previously, by the use of the Pills. But for my part I do not think much is gained by vaccination,—however, let the advice above be taken, and no danger can result from it or inoculation or the genuine Small Pox. All will be well if Purgation be resorted to so as to produce a regeneration of the humors.

Your obedient servant,
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

*N. B.* Be careful and never purchase Pills of a Druggist professing to be Brandreth's Pills, under NO CIRCUMSTANCES is any one of the class made an Agent. My own established agents have INVARIABLY an ENGRAVED Certificate, signed "B. Brandreth, M. D." in my own hand writing.

This certificate is renewed yearly, and when ever twelve months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medicine. It would be well, therefore, for purchasers to carefully examine the Certificate. The seal is not wax, but embossed based on the paper with a steel seal.

If the genuine medicine is obtained there is no doubt of its giving perfect satisfaction, and if not after a careful trial by the above directions there is but little danger but they will obtain it.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

*Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,*

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

*Paris*—CROCKER & SHAW.
*So. Paris*—A. Hall, Jr.
*Buckfield*—A. F. Cole.
*Rumford*—Otis C. Bolster.
" Asa Graham.
*Dixfield*—I. N. & C. Stanley.
*Jay*—Joel Paine.
*Bethel*—J. K. Kimball.
*Livermore*—Britton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge,
*N.* " Kimball & Walker.
*Woodstock*—Welcome Kinsley.
*Hartford*—Hall & Haines.
*Greenwood*—Welcome Kinsley.
*Albany*—Lovejoy & French.
*Turner*—Philo Clark.
*Norway*—Jotham Goodnow.
*Lowell*—James Walker.
*Waterford*—Noyes & Noble,
*S.* " R. H. Gerry.
*Sweden*—Benjamin Nevers.
*Fryeburg*—H. C. Buswell.
*Porter*—John Higgins.
*Hiram*—Jose h Butterfield.
*Canton Mills*—J. M. Deshon.
*Oxford*—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
*Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.*
epo1;27



## MILLINERY.

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity, that she still continues her business at her Fathers residence, where she intends to keep straws of various kinds constantly on hand. She would thank her friends for past favours and would still solicit their patronage. Those wishing to purchase are invited to call. Customwork promptly attended to.

LAURA FOBES,

Paris April 21, 1840 3w37


## SHERIFF'S SALE.

**OXFORD, ss.**

PURSUANT to warrants to me directed by Alanson Mc Ivin, Esq. Treasurer of the County of Oxford, requiring me to collect the sums assessed in the County Tax for the years 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838 and 1839, on the following described townships or tracts of land situated in said County, (when the tax was assessed) not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation, which remain unpaid as follows, viz:—

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Andover Surplus, West, | | | | Tax for the year | 1836, | $3 43 |
| | do | | | do | 1837, | 3 75 |
| | do | | | do | 1838, | 3 75 |
| | do | | | do | 1839, | 3 41 |
| North half | Township No 2, | 4th | Range, | do | 1835, | 1 23 |
| | do | " | " | do | 1836, | 1 69 |
| | do | " | " | do | 1837, | 1 84 |
| One fourth of | " | " | 1, 6th | do | 1836, | 44 |
| do | " | " | " | do | 1837, | 48 |
| North half | " | " | 1, 4th | do | 1835, | 2 36 |
| do | " | " | " | do | 1836, | 3 24 |
| do | " | " | " | do | 1837, | 3 54 |
| South half | " | " | " | do | 1837, | 3 69 |
| Part of | " | " | 6, | do | 1837, | 1 87 |
| Surplus of Township Letter C. | | | | do | 1834, | 1 80 |
| do | " | | | do | 1835, | 1 80 |
| do | " | | | do | 1836, | 1 78 |
| do | " | | | do | 1837, | 1 95 |
| do | " | | | do | 1838, | 1 95 |
| do | " | | | do | 1839, | 1 77 |
| 10,16 of Township Letter C, adjoining B | | | | do | 1838, | 1 75 |
| " | " | " | " | do | 1839, | 1 60 |
| 7,8 of | Township No 4, | 2d | Range, | do | 1836, | 2 84 |
| " | " | " | " | do | 1837, | 3 06 |
| " | " | " | " | do | 1838, | 3 06 |
| Whole of | " | " | 1st | do | 1839, | 3 32 |
| " | " | " | " | do | 1836, | 2 99 |
| " | " | " | " | do | 1837, | 3 27 |
| " | " | " | " | do | 1838, | 2 27 |
| " | " | " | " | do | 1839, | 2 97 |

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Monday the eleventh day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, at the Court House in Paris in said County as will be necessary to satisfy said taxes and charges.

Dated at Paris, this eleventh day of March, 1840.

3tis. PHILO CLARK, Sheriff of Oxford.

(Now situated in Franklin County.)


## NEW SPRING GOODS

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON

BY

# ELI HOWE,

CONSISTING of Blue, Blue-Black, Brown, Claret, Invisable, Glove-Brown, and mixed

BROADCLOTHS CASSIMERES

and

Sattinets, Buckskin and Buffalo Cloths.

—ALSO—

A good assortment of Cloths for Summer wear. Superior *Black* and *Blue-Black Silk Velvet.*

Silk, Silk Satin, Marsellies white, Buff and figured Vestings.

SILKS FOR DRESSES.

A prime assortment of English, French and American mourning and selected Prints from 7 cents to 37 1-2 cents.

Ladies Worsted and Cotton Hose. Kid and Silk Gloves. Florence and eleven braid Bonnetts. Figured Satin and White Florence, Ribbons, Fancy, Flag Hdkfs. &c.

Corded and Jaconet Muslin, Lawns and Cambrick, Lace, Thread, and Black Silk Edging and Insertions.

A prime assortment of Kid Slippers of all sizes.

One case of Brush Hats, also Cloth Caps of various and the most recent fashions.

Gents, Kid and Buckskin Gloves a prime assortment. Also Indiantber and Worsted Suspenders.

Sheeting and Shirting bleached and unbleached as I also striped shirtings, Drillings, &c. A large assortment of W. I. GOODS, likewise Crockery Glass and Hard Ware.

All of which will be sold as cheap for Cash country produce or approved credit, as can be purchased in this vicinity.

Paris Hill, April 13, 1840. tf



## NEW STORE.

THE subscribers having taken the Store formerly occupied by JAMES LOXLEY, at South Paris, near the Inn of Anthony Bennett Esq., are now ready to accommodate such customers as feel disposed to patronize them on the most liberal terms. Their goods consist of an entire new stock, and comprise a general assortment, amongst which may be found,

A SUPERIOR LOT OF

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BUCKSKINS, SATTINETS, Etc. Etc.

*Also,* a large & carefully selected assortment of CALLICOES, COPPER PLATES, and

GOLD CAMBRICS.

Silk Velvets, Fig'd & plain Satins, Gro de Swiss & Gro de Nap silks for dresses, Sarsnets, Synchaws and Florence Silks, Bombazines, Fig'd satin, Cambrics, &c.

Blk. Pongee, Bandanna, and Flag Hdkfs.
Ladies Blk. Silk GLOVES.
Ladies White Lace Do.
Gents and Ladies Kid Do.
Itml. Sew'g Silks and Twist.
Laces, Lace Footings, Edging and Quellings
Cap and Bonnet Ribbons,
Super. Irish Linens, Brown Linens and Sellein,
Cambrics, Cambric Muslins and
Bishops Lawns,

Sheeting and Shirting Bleached and Unbleached—Tickings and Drillings, Corded Jeans for summer wear, Ducks, Padding and Canvass, Suspenders Elastic and Worsted.

Hats and Caps, Ladies Kid Slippers and walking Shoes.

Also a general assortment of W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES & HARD WARE together with other articles to numerous to particularise, all which will be sold low for cash or country produce.

Harnesses and Trunks Kept constantly on hand. The Harness business will be carried on as heretofore and all who wish for a first rate article at a fair price will do well to call and examine for themselves.

D. S. HUBBARD,
J. T. CLARK

South Paris April 24, 1840. tf


## HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of this Academy will commence, Providence permitting, on MONDAY the SECOND DAY OF MARCH next, under the tuition of Mr. OZIAS MILLETT; and as he has heretofore given good satisfaction as an instructor, and the instruction is improving, we, with confidence invite youths of both sexes, whose object is to obtain useful knowledge, to come and see for themselves; depending that it will be the care of the Trustees and Preceptor to render the school to them both agreeable and profitable.

JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.

Hebron, Feb. 10, 1840. 2tif


## Blacksmith Wanted

AT Lock's Mills in Greenwood. One who is desirous to accumulate property would be preferred and receive encouragement. Please call and examine the situation.

April, 1840 tf37